

HYMN X. To
the Month of
September.

EACH month hath praise in some
 degree, Let May to others seem to
 be In Sense, the sweetest
 season ; September! thou art best
 to me!
 And best doth please my Reason.
 But neither for their corn, nor
 wine;
 Extol I, those mild days of thine!
 Though corn and wine might
 praise thee;
 Heaven gives thee honour more
 divine
 And higher fortunes raise thee !
 Renowned art thou, sweet Month !
 for this* Among thy days, her
 birthday is ! Grace, Plenty, Peace,
 and Honour In one fair hour with
 her were born ! Now since, they
 still her crown adorn, And still
 attend upon her.

HYMN XI.

To the Sun.

EYE of the world ' Fountain of
 light! Life of day, and death of
 night! I humbly seek thy
 kindness ! Sweet! dazzle not my
 feeble sight, And strike me not
 with blindness '
 Behold me mildly from that face
 Even where thou now dost run thy
 race,
 The sphere where now thou
 turnest,
 Having, like PHJETON changed thy
 place,
 And yet hearts only burnest.
 Red in her right cheek, thou dost
 rise !
 Exalted after, in her eyes ;
 Great glory, there, thou shewest!
 In th'other cheek, when thou
 descendest,
 New redness unto it thou lendest!
 And so thy Round, thou goest!